

"LIFE
IS
A
SMALL
HOUSE"

"LOVE
IS
AN
OPEN
DOOR"

RESTORATION



VOL. XIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JANUARY, 1960

No. 1

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Maker and Giver of all things; Let me start this new year, this new decade, praising and thanking You. Let me live it, or such part of it as may be left in the stockpile of my days, in the awareness of Your presence, in the knowledge of Your constant love, and in an ever-increasing love of You. I have treated You most shamefully. Let me make up to You, somehow, for my neglect.

I didn't realize my rudeness, my ingratitude, my forgetfulness until You took us to that strange new restaurant, the day my friend Gene passed the doctor's examinations. I thought, at the time, that we had found the place by ourselves. Now I know You directed us to it.

Trapped by Charity

It was Saturday evening and the home town had won a tremendous football victory. The city danced with liquid jubilee. The place was crowded. Gene and I stood outside its doorway for some little time, not quite certain we wanted to go in. We wanted a fairly decent dinner, something with which to celebrate his new lease on life. If we couldn't find room inside, we would mosey on. Just as we were getting ready to leave, a Good Samaritan waved to us from inside and made us welcome.

"I'm having some trouble", he confided in us. He smiled as if we were old friends, as if we could understand and sympathize. "Too many waiters are football fans. They didn't show up. There are plenty of tables still vacant, though, and if you don't mind waiting . . . ?"

He was a warm, charitable, hospitable man. He seemed sincere. So we said we'd stay and wait. He thought that was wonderful of us, and he sent some cocktails to our table; "on the house." Some of the glow faded when we looked at the prices on the menu. We wanted to get up and go. But charity trapped us, held us. We could not be discourteous.

There was but one thing to do. That was to order the "specialty", which seemed to be the only "bargain" on the printed bill of fare.

It would have been a bargain at any price, for it brought You close to me, Lord.

Here's What We Ate

"Relax", Gene said. "It seems to me Our Lord and Our Lady brought us here. They must have had some good reason. We have enough money. We have plenty of time. And we have something to celebrate—just like these football fans. God wants us to enjoy this."

It was a sort of night-club. The tables were close to each other. We could hear what everybody around us was saying. They were most young. They looked prosperous and happy. They were loud and gay. They drank more than they ate. Their drinks were of all colors. There was a jazz orchestra and a blonde singer with a pleasant voice. We sipped and waited and ordered. Hors d'oeuvre Riche. Consomme au sherry. Feuille de champignons a creme. Filet mignon Pompadour. Pomme de Terre Noisette. Fonds d'artichauts etuves au beurre. (Your friends, God, might like to know what we ate.)

Lord, You know we have some wonderful cooks in Madonna House. You know our kitchen is one of the best in North America. You also know that we seldom eat anything rich or expensive. You know how we act when we are invited to a restaurant or to some one's house. Lord God, I don't believe anybody appreciates good food, well-cooked, so much as the Staff Workers of Your Madonna House Apostolate—either at home or abroad, but especially abroad.

The Blessed Anchovies

You know how I felt about those hors d'oeuvre, for instance particularly the anchovies, those little garlands of fish and brine and oil, those lovely dark curved morsels that put such bitter salt joy in one's mouth when his teeth abrades them. You know my stand in regard to mushrooms, and filet mignon, and wine in my soup. (I am for it!)

The atmosphere of the place changed with the coming of the hors d'oeuvre. It was almost like being in a cathedral. I became aware of You. I became aware that I loved You—and conscious that You had always loved me, even when I was far away from You. Strange!

The man with his back to us, who kept ordering a double rye with gingerale every few minutes, talked to himself aloud. He had won \$100 on the game and was going to drink it all down. He was a great man, a strong man. He had been a wrestler. He was a \$12,000 a year man. The government tax collectors were stealing him blind. He was alone. He liked it that way. "Waiter, another double rye—where the hell is that waiter?"

The thin young man on our left introduced his girl to everybody. "Mr. Horwitz, I am very proud and happy to present my future wife, Anna." One man said, "Anna! The closer to the family the further from formality! May you be happy always, Anna."

God The Father

The singer sang. The musicians played. The diners dined and sipped and talked and shouted and flirted. I heard and saw everything and everyone. I was absorbed in talking to You, God, yet aware of all that was happening around me.

I became aware too that this was not the first extraordinary dinner You had arranged for me. On the contrary! I realized, for the first time, that You had been feeding me all my life; even when my nourishment was but the rich warm milk of my mother. Day after day, wherever I was, whatever I had done, You had attended me, watched over me, provided for me. No matter whether I was good or bad, You loved me! Your Son taught us to pray to You. "Our Father Who are in heaven." You had been a Father to me—and what scant attention I had paid to you!

Often I had said grace before and after meals. But usually I said the words mechanically; with no more fervor than a busy man dictating letters. "Dear sir . . . in regard to yours of the 19th, beg to say the shipment was gratefully received, and in reply would state . . . yours very sincerely." Until this moment I had never been quite conscious that You were the Host at every meal. The Host and also the Guest of Honor!

I had never really thanked you. Yet it had made no difference to You, apparently, for You kept showering me with Your love.

(Continued on Page 4)

THE POWER OF LOVE

By Rev. Emile Briere

Nineteen sixty. A new decade. A new year. Like all new things, a promise, a bud, a possibility. Like all new things, all little things, full of life, of wonder, of joy. Full of hope. Made to be filled with love, every minute filled to its brimming capacity, and even overflowing with love.

Nineteen sixty. A new spring or a new winter? Will the field be ploughed and sowed and bring forth a rich harvest, or will the heat of hatred and the winds of indifference turn it into a desert? Will this be the year of Christ's Fair Bride, the Church, and of Mary the sweet prophet and mother sent to our age, or will it be the year of Lucifer's seeming triumph? Will men seek passionately for union and brotherhood under the God of Love, or will they continue their blind race towards destruction?

LOVE OR HATE?

Will Love prevail or selfishness?

1. Canada and the United States are still wasting money scandalously, storing away precious food while two-thirds of the world's peoples go hungry. Will Love prevail or selfishness continue?

2. Everywhere birth control is being proposed as a solution to "population problems". Birth control is a form of murder. One might just as well propose castration of all Asians at birth. Or go all the way with murder, and spread germs by plane over densely populated areas! To say that the earth cannot feed its people shows a great lack of trust in the Providence of God and the genius of man. Will Love prevail or greed continue?

3. What with labor racketeers, rigged T.V. shows, and dishonest butchers, investigation committees are having a hey day; and every Pharisee in the land can point his finger at someone. Where is the man who says: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, a sinner?" Will Love prevail or arrogance?

Hate or Love?

4. Selfishness and ugliness walk hand in hand. Love alone can create beauty. Who will say that there is beauty in our main streets, our theatres and even our churches? Man does not live by bread alone—or pizza pie and Coca Cola. He needs foods for imagination, for mind and heart. To fulfill these needs God gave us the arts.—to purify the emotions and prepare the soul for contemplation of Infinite Beauty. Will Love and beauty prevail or ugliness?

5. And what of the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, given to us to establish union through love among men, following the example of the Blessed Trinity in which Three are One, that the many among us may be made one through the spirit of Love?

What of the Church in Canada and the United States? Are we preaching the Gospel of the New Law or still following the Jansenistic concepts of God-the-hard-taskmaster, the pitiless Judge?

Are the sixth and ninth commandments still the Great Commandments? Are our schools still trying to turn out "good Catholic boys and girls" who do the "right thing", who conform to external norms of behavior, mostly of a negative type—"don't do this, don't do that, and you'll be a good boy, a good girl?"

Fear Men, Or Fear God?

Christ asked us to love one another as He had loved us. In this we would be fulfilling all the Law. He said; in this we would be making converts of all nations. Will Love prevail in our sermons, schools, press and families? Will the true God of the Christians be presented to us and others? Or fear?

Love will prevail!

1. Throughout the Church a Mighty Wind is blowing; the Holy Spirit, through the voice of the Popes, urges a Liturgical revival

to revitalize the whole of human society. With a greater participation in the Mass, a greater understanding of its prayers, of its Mystery, will come a greater understanding of the true Christian vocation. For it is not sufficient to go to the sacraments and to Mass; we must live the Mass all through the week, all through the day, developing an oblation attitude to God, an attitude of constant self-offering in the humble duty of the moment, united with the Risen Christ whose offering goes on forever.

Too long have we been taught by individuals. It is the Church that we need for a teacher. Fed, taught, offered by and with Christ, by His Fair Bride, we too will love as He has loved. And Love will prevail.

2. In the Apostolic times collections were taken by the wealthier churches and sent to alleviate the hunger of poorer Christians. What an example could be given by a rural diocese whose farmers would devise a sane and prudent scheme whereby their surplus produce—instead of being stored away—would be shipped to a needy country and carefully distributed among the poor!



Faith and Love

Such a project would require much education to self-sacrifice, careful investigation, and planning. For it is difficult to do good in our complex world! It would require much perseverance and humility, much Faith and Love. It might fail quite miserably. But at least a step would have been taken, a solution attempted, a work of mercy begun.

We should not refuse to undertake projects out of fear of failure. Failure can be a great success. Cardijn failed twelve times before he met with success, and today His Young Christian Workers have influenced not only the workers' environment but all Catholic apostolates.

The Lord failed. His preaching was a failure, His miracles useless.

His Incarnation, His plans were all failures, or so it seemed on that awful day when He hung on a cross between two criminals. But He rose again on the third day. Every Good Friday is followed by an Easter Sunday!

On the other hand, this project might be a howling success.

3. Not many of us, if any, will be asked to feed directly some impoverished nation out of our own surpluses. But all of us can spread a little beauty, can fight the ugliness around us. All it takes is a little education, a little information, a little effort, to put in our homes, schools and churches, beautiful pictures, statues, music, and books. Much is available today at a decent price. Much can be made at home for next to nothing.

Where love is God is, and God is Beauty unsurpassed.

To prevail, Love needs human hearts. Love will prevail if it finds a welcome among the children of men; if your heart—and mine—is wide open to the Spirit of Love.

We should love because we are loved.

We should love because we are made for just that.

We should love because love will bring us all we are seeking.

We should love because we are made in the image of God, because of the Three Who love One Another.

Either we love in this year of Love, 1960 or we perish!

Canadian Martyrs Are Joined By A Friend

It is hard to realize that our "Father Pat" isn't with us anymore, that he lies in the little cemetery by the beautiful new white church he built, and which he served so well. Daily, as I pass through the grounds of Madonna House and catch sight of the churchyard, I pray for the repose of his soul—and sometimes I sort of pray to him, or talk to him quietly, as I used to do in the early days of our apostolate.

Father A. Patrick Dwyer was a quiet man in the full sense of this beautiful word. He was wise and simple, with the simplicity of children and of saints. He was poor too, with the hidden poverty of many pastors in rural areas. But he didn't mind being poor. "I was born poor", he told me once. "I lived poor. I will die poor."

Nearly 40 Years Ago!

As I try to gather my thoughts, to render him a humble tribute, memories crowd upon me . . . warm and joyous, sad, funny, pleasant, haunting. I remember the first time I saw him. It was in the early twenties. I was a refugee from the hell of communism in Russia. I met him when I went to visit the saintly Redemptorist who founded the Sisters of Service, Father George David. Father Pat was a thin, tall man, with a strong and serious face. And he was most kind to me. He helped me to understand and love this land of Canada.

I remember him twenty years later on a stormy night in Combermere. Rain changing to wet snow to sleet. Bitter cold. Frightfully dark. A young man had come to tell me his father was dying. He had heard I was a nurse. Would I come? And could I get Father Pat to come too? Our phone didn't work. We went to see Father Pat. Father looked tired, ill. His stomach was troubling him again. (He suffered terribly, but without complaints.) But he managed to convince the young man he was well and strong. He bundled himself in his warmest clothes, took the Blessed Host, and we went into the stormy night, the three of us, silent and prayerful. We went in a sleigh. It got stuck in a snow drift. We had to walk. The young man went ahead, his lantern making a path of light.

It was heavy going, but Father Pat walked with the sureness and the strength of a man used to this sort of work. How many times he had plowed through snow drifts to give the last rites of the Church to some one who hadn't long to live! We got to the house in time. The Sacraments were administered even before Father had thawed out. And then we sat in the kitchen with the family, and we drank some tea. And Father talked, quietly, gently. He fitted into that humble room as Christ would have. And he talked as Christ would have talked. We all said the Rosary together before we went back into the storm again.

I remember the night in 1948 when Eddie, my husband, suffered his first heart attack. It was another stormy, sleeting, bitterly cold night.

Our car wouldn't start. Father Pat came to anoint Eddie, to get a taxi for him, and an expert driver. He helped him into the cab, and thrust some sizeable bills into his pockets—sizeable for Father Pat, whose Sunday collections were mostly silver coins. And he took care of our house, and our fires, assuring us we need not worry about anything in the place.

I remember the day the old church burned to the ground. It was on a Sunday morning, Nov. 11, 1951. He bore the blow bravely, and began immediately to plan the new church. Eight years and one day after he watched the flames destroy the old white Church of the Sacred Heart, Father Pat was found dead in two feet of water near the shore of Diamond Lake. He had felt well enough that morning to go hunting. He had died, medical authorities said, of a heart attack. His close friend, Ed Marquardt, found the body. He had become worried when Father did not return from the hunt, and went to look for him.

The priests of Madonna House escorted his body back from the lake, reciting the prayers for the dead.

Father Pat had a great love for the Canadian Martyrs. Many times he visited their shrines at and near Midland. Like them he loved the waters and the woods, the deer trails, the marshes where the fish lay waiting for the hook, the humble abodes of the poor. If he could have known he would die in the water, in the shade of beautiful trees, he would, perhaps, have given thanks to God.

He built a shrine to the Martyrs, high above the church. He had a picture of them painted, and he hung it over the high altar. And he gave their name to the church Ed Marquardt built for him—"the Church of the Sacred Heart and the Canadian Martyrs."

I wonder if those martyrs, led by St. John Brebeuf, weren't among the first to greet Father Pat when his wonderful old strong heart had ceased at last to beat.

CHURCH UNITY

Don't forget to pray for Unity, especially during the Chair of Unity Octave, Jan. 18-25—"to glorify the Chair of Peter as the center and symbol of religious unity for all the world, and to win souls to the Unity of the One Fold."

ON ANTICIPATION

By Jose de Vinck

So frail are we that as we look ahead to any coming joy, we make of it a paradise, and weep when we discover that it is gone so soon and that its wings had none or very little of the glitter we had sprinkled over it. We dream, and soon forget that paradise is lost, and that we are but pilgrims on the way. And as the castles that we build are but reflections of our nothingness, the way to them is emptiness, and their possession but the seizing of an unsubstantial cloud.

And yet some joys do come with all the savor of an autumn fruit, with the satisfying fullness of reality, and very often they come unexpectedly. Our job is not to hunt for passing joys, or build up dream-delights of nothingness; but ours is the task of living now, in the solid, simple fact of our state of life where more substantial truth and true delight are found than in any chasing of a bird of dream.

Should we not, then, look ahead? Should we not rejoice in things to come? Oh, yes, we should. But let us find our joy in the hope of what is really Joy, in the hope of Him upon whose face angels desire to look. And if, while seeking for the perfect Joy, we find that He has granted us, along our simple days, a plentiful abundance of fanciful and gay delights, let us thank Him for these reflections, for these sparkling facets of a Joy to come; and let us not anticipate their coming with too much eagerness, nor cry too bitterly when they are gone, for in our eagerness for what is but a shadow, and in our pain for its inconstancy, we might be losing sight of Him who is the Sun and whose gift of delight is forevermore.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

All things are new at birth . . . Every year God in His infinite love and mercy for us, gives us a brand new shining year . . . to shape . . . to fill . . . to form . . . according to our will and mind.

Now He has laid into our human hands another year. One thousand nine hundred and sixty is its name. It is all ours. What are we going to do with it?

It is doubly new, as it is the beginning of a new decade—that of the sixties . . . and so it will also demand from us stock-taking of the past decade . . . that of the fifties.

A strange year, this new year of ours and of the Lord's. Poised on the threshold of two decades. So immense and so small. For times like this, short and long . . . infinite, for it partakes of eternity—yes finite, for each minute of it ticks off for us the hours of our lives. Singing if we have ears to hear the song of life and death with each ticking.

Yes . . . what are we going to do with this new year that is at yet so young, so clean, so fresh, so ready to be molded into a song of human hearts to God, or into a song of despair attuned to the song of the prince of darkness?

If we were wise with the wisdom of the Three Kings . . . who at the dawn of another year long past, came to worship A CHILD IN A MANGER . . . we would make this year one of humility. It would require humility for us to go to Bethlehem. It would require wisdom to direct our steps to a stable . . . and to a little Child! Yet let us go to that stable rather than to the palaces of science, or the halls of great learning, where only husks of wisdom are offered.

If we were wise with the wisdom of those Three Kings, who came to worship a CHILD IN A MANGER and brought Him three gifts of gold, myrrh, and frankincense, we would do likewise . . . bringing Him the bitter myrrh of our tears of repentance . . . the frankincense of our sorrow for all our past sins of omission . . . and our gold of a new and firm resolution. Not many, just one. The resolution to walk henceforth in Caritas, whose other name is Love . . . whose other name is God.

Yes, if we fill this year with the wisdom and the gifts of the Three Kings, and make it a year of growth in charity towards all men—if finally at long last, we have understood the meaning of Christmas and of Epiphany, the stupendous fact that God loved us first, and that our life must be a "simply loving back of God"—then, this new shining year of 1960 will be a glorious year.

It will be a year filled with song and joy. It will be a peace-filled year. And our hearts finally will know the happiness we have so vainly been seeking in the decade just past.



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Real Indian Dolls

Here's good news for a lot of people. Some wonderful Indian ladies, who come to La Casa de Nuestra Senora every Thursday night to sew, have created some delightful dolls, dressed like Navajos, Taos Lagunas, and members of the Santa Fe Indian band; and they are for sale. You can get one for \$10. . . by writing to Miss Catherine Maynard, La Casa de Nuestra Senora, P.O. Box 334, Winslow, Ariz. They are "17 or 18 inches tall", and the colors are exquisite and vivid. There are not many on hand; but the ladies can always make one or two, to order.

Training Lay Apostles

By Catherine Doherty

I was so busy working in the Lay Apostolate during the months of November and December—which is the time to prepare for Christmas, for there are many poor families and children in our rural area to bring the joy of Christmas to—that I had no time to write anything about TRAINING LAY APOSTLES.

But now that the New Year has come, and things have settled a little—do they ever settle in a Lay Apostolate, I wonder?—they are a little less hectic. So I can now discuss the role of recreation in training lay apostles. This is a very important part of training . . . and alas, often neglected.

What Can We Do?

Especially is it important in the new world . . . where the high standards of living, the new mobility due to the motor car, and the ever changing pattern of family life, have made deep inroads into the whole concept of recreation.

The idea that recreation is truly RE-CREATION . . . a RE-NEWAL . . . a re-gathering . . . a re-collecting . . . has well nigh vanished from this land. Strange as it might seem, the youths who come to us at first, keep asking . . . "What do we do with our free time?"

"There is no place to go here," they say. We live in a deep rural area. "There is nothing to do here."

It takes quite a little time, sometimes a year or more, to bring them the Christian idea of recreation . . . to make them see that it is not a passive affair where one sits and looks at a game, a movie, or a play . . . nor is it violent activity of a group of people in search of some extraordinary amusement . . . nor is it a matter of dates . . . dancing on the floor of a crowded, smoky room the size of a postage stamp, to langorous off-beat tunes. It is a matter of spontaneous participation in a variety of pleasant and wholesome activities, which may include much of the above, but re-baptized in the service of the Lord.

Enjoy Yourselves

Fundamentally, recreation, as all the rest of the things that we are and do is done with God, for God . . . for His honor and for His glory. Recreation includes self-expression, imagination, creativity, leadership. It might consist in a square or folk dance, but also it might take the form of learning a new handicraft, or engaging in a work of art. For in creating beauty one re-creates oneself.

But it also may consist in a quiet day spent in reading, or just thinking, or meditating, or praying. It might take the form of a long walk alone . . . or with some congenial friend. It might be a participation in some bull session, or in a game of charades. Above all, it will be a change from the everyday routine. It does not necessarily consist in sleeping half the day . . . or wandering aimlessly from one place to another looking for something to do.

With the coming of more leisurely time and shorter hours of work, recreation or the spending of one's leisurely time intelligently, and for the glory of God will become more and more important.

Mindful of the mandate given to the Lay Apostolate by the late Pope Pius XII—"to re-baptize the world and restore it to Christ, the lay apostle must be trained, fully and constantly, in the use of leisurely hours. So that knowing how to re-create themselves, they may help to re-baptize the concept of recreation in the whole market place . . ."

Arts and Crafts

We are experimenting with this important subject, and have introduced many new forms of recreation. Handicrafts are beginning to flourish among us . . . restoring and invigorating those who engage in them. At the same time we are training our lay apostles in the language of arts and crafts. Everyone understands that will be help to them in all their apostolic activities, either in foreign or home missions.

Folk dancing and square dancing—with all the research and interesting historical background—is another avenue that has opened itself before the eyes of our lay apostles.

So is music in all its aspects . . . including folk songs, and religious songs of many nations.

New games . . . and various ways of entertaining large groups . . . have caught the interest of many members of our Apostolate. They share their knowledge with others . . . bringing fresh ideas to many.

Nature study captivates another group. Long walks . . . the collecting of plants, mosses, and fungi . . . bird watching . . . and correlating newly found data, open new vistas for flagging spirits, tired bodies, and tired minds.

Regarding Sports

Sports—skiing and skating and swimming and other sports shared and enjoyed, discussed and appraised, acquire new values for many. Gardening, and growing indoor plants, and learning all about them, is yet another phase of re-creation.

So is the old and almost forgotten art of reading aloud, and enjoying poetry, essays, and short stories, or sharing spiritual books together, as well as the art of story telling—which as yet a little shyly, many try.

All I have to do is to suggest ideas, and direct the energy of youth into new channels. The rest follows.

But in order to be able to do this, the Directorate and superiors must give much thought to recreation of their membership—for it is part and parcel of this new vocation of totally dedicated apostles . . . to whom nothing should be alien in the world, except sin.

The role of the priests in this important part of lay apostolic training is a vital one. Fervently I hope that some of them, some day, will follow the example of the Benedictines—who wrote such a beautiful book ON THE THEOLOGY OF MANUAL LABOR. I hope they write for the Lay Apostolate, "THE THEOLOGY OF RECREATION."

EPIPHANY

Lady most Fair,
Queen of all queens,
On this day of presents
When Kings offered Your Child
gold, myrrh, and incense,
I thank your gracious Charity
for giving me unearned opportunity

of placing on your altar
all the love there is back home for
me
of father and mother
of brother and sister
of possible son and daughter
both physical
and spiritual,
all the friendship and all the security
all the tenderness and all the facility
for doing good respectfully
and my own will comfortably.

These have been hours of temptation,
of conflicting thought and emotion,
and of surprise, for I thought the separation
had reached final consummation on the day, O blissful day! of invitation

to join the privileged band
of souls moved solely by Your Hand,
I thought all ties severed
and myself delivered
from all attachment
save your enslavement.
But the flesh quivers and the heart cries out,
past dreams and loves descend
with a mighty shout
and self opens its voracious mouth
to every offer of comfort, to doubt.

O most Gracious One,
Virgin most Fair,
Woman without compare,
please take this soul,
make it whole,
holy,
wholly for Thee
and Thy most Gracious Son.
Let fear depart.
Take this weak heart,
not just a part.

Let there be now full consecration,
let there be strong, abiding union.

With tears and burning, yearning passion,
I beg of your tender compassion:
"Never, never let this wayward lover go;
for life without is cold as coldest snow,

pleasure without treasure,
and torture without measure.
Wherever you lead may I lovingly follow
with mind, heart and feet upon the trace
illuminated by your strong and tender Face
until the day of lasting, lasting embrace. Amen."

A Happy Volunteer

This is written by a woman volunteer in our Stella Maris House, in Portland, Oregon:

A year ago I came to Stella Maris with no idea what was in store for me. As a volunteer, slowly there formed in my mind—the why of this house.

Then I lost contact. The weeks passed. The day came when I returned, unhappy, sad, and troubled. Who was there to help me put my life back in order? The staff here at Stella Maris!

Now, the answers come slowly, but without doubt. These people are dedicated to the betterment of mankind, whether it be answering the door, waxing the floor, putting a meal on the table, writing a letter, attending a meeting. Each job is done with love and perfection.

This is no second rate vocation but tops. One all its own. Then comes the realization—"they love you!" I watch them work, pray, play, and love—and persevere under adverse conditions. A second turn in the road comes. I learned to love, and want to give also.

Regardless of the time, I always feel at home here. The home of love and devotion I have always dreamed of becomes a reality. Be it ten in the morning, three in the afternoon, or near midnight, I am always welcome. When evening comes and I, a volunteer, slip my fingers over the rosary beads, and lift my voice in Compline, it seems the end of a perfect day.

My happiest days are feast days and holidays. Like Christmas. As a child, then a Protestant, it seemed such a build-up to celebrate only for one day. At Stella Maris we have the twelve days of Christmas. To come here on a feast day means to celebrate as I always wanted to—with joy, laughter, but never deviating from the true meaning of the day.

Someday I pray to be able to give as much as I am now receiving. You cannot help but see the love of God in each of the Staff Workers.

My life can never be the same since meeting the staff of Stella Maris.

DAYS TO REMEMBER

Christmas has come and gone. And Epiphany is here. It is good for friends to gather together and talk over these glorious holy days, as friends do everywhere.

There was St. Nicholas' Day—December 6th—when the kitchen was filled with heavenly and spicy smells. Our four cooks were baking lovely gingerbreads that looked like bishops. The Dining Room was decorated in episcopal colors. And old customs were revived.

Each of those present—there were about 54—read a paragraph of the life of the Saint. Then songs from various countries were sung in honor of St. Nicholas, the holy and kindly bishop.

Send Me A Sign

And then came December 8th. Did you know, dear friends, that the Feast of the Immaculate Conception is truly the biggest feast in Madonna House? For it was on that day that our Chapel in honor of the Immaculate Conception, was opened in 1953.

It is hard for me to forget that day—for I always think of it as the completion of a little miracle. Ever since the beginning of our Apostolate in 1930 I dreamt of having a chapel in one of our houses. I began talking about it again around 1952. Finally our chaplain advised me to write to our saintly bishop, which I did. In due time the permission from Rome came.

There I was . . . with the permission, but no money. So, for the second time in my life I prayed to Our Lady and asked for a sign. That was in March, 1953. I asked her to send me three thousand dollars before April 30th of that year. For in order to have the chapel ready, we had to start building in May. It is cold in Canada, and the building season is short.

What do you know? Exactly on April 30th I got the money! The contractor needed \$500 a month thereafter. I know that you already know the answer. Right straight from May to December the money came as requested.

To Pay Interest

And on the 8th of December, 1953—the Chapel was blessed and opened, and Our Lord came

to dwell with us. What a glorious day it was! but we still owed nearly \$6,000.00 to the contractor.

It seemed a pity to pay interest on that debt. So I talked to Our Lady again. And a most holy prelate from the U.S.A. sent the balance. God be praised!

Yes, December 8th is our patronal feast . . . And we really have fun.

Our Lady of Guadalupe comes next, Dec. 12. Three of our houses, those working with the Mexicans, have a great devotion to her. Have you ever had a Pinata? That is what they have in Mexico on that day.

You take a flower pot and fill it with all kind of candies and nuts. You build it up in any odd shape that it pleases you, with papier mache, which you make out of newspapers soaked in water and a little plaster of paris. While still wet, shape it around the flower-pot. Then you cover the whole lot with gay paper and hang it up from the rafters.

Blindfold one of the company present and give him a stick or baseball bat. Stand far away from his swing. And everybody try to hit the pinata. It is lots of fun! Everybody is trying to divert the attention of the blindfolded person from the real spot where it hangs.

St. Lucy's Wheat

Finally it is hit! And everybody scrambles for the goodies. Of course, always, the feast begins with Mass. And with extra good food. This day we have Mexican food.

And did you know about Lucy? Her feast day, on the 13th of December, is important. From Hungary comes to us the custom of planting wheat on that day. Take a flower-pot and fill with garden soil. Plant the wheat seeds on top—press lightly, and cover lightly with earth. Water it daily, and you will offer the Christ Child, Who is the Bread of Life, a pot of lovely green shoots for Christmas. We did not forget to do that.

I still walk gingerly across the veranda, or enclosed porch, which we have . . . through the basement . . . and through the handicraft room . . . and anyplace where one could think of packages.

You should have been here. Everywhere you would have seen gayly decorated cartons filled with clothing, candy, toys, etc. which you so generously sent . . . with hugh bows making them festive. Three times in the dark I fell over them but I didn't mind. What is a bruise or two when the object of your fall contains the joy for somebody else?

Wish You Were Here

It would take a book to tell you of pre-Christmas days at Madonna House. In one quarter of the library you would see five young ladies on the floor, matching doll furniture and putting set after set into their own plastic bags. In another corner you would see men fixing railroad cars and trains so they ran.

At the table you would see priests trying out mechanical toys—and we suspect with great enjoyment. Somewhere else games were being matched. And the air was filled with strange sentences. "Have you seen a 'basin . . . wash-basin . . . pink' . . . 'I miss a blue chair' . . . 'where is the lilac T.V. set' . . . 'Hey, who took the caboose away?' . . . 'what do you mean, you need checkers . . . you took mine . . . I miss one' . . . 'this dice belongs to the ladder game, not to you.'"

In the sewing room, a group was busy washing and dressing dolls. You would be how surprised how new a second hand doll looks, washed and dressed in bits of silk or gay cotton. They were also busy dressing dolls in national costumes, to go with all the cakes I described from many lands in the last issue of Restoration . . . which help us to realize the unity of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Hail New Year

The men's workshop was not idle. Toys were being glued and repaired, and men were building a doll house for a particularly beautiful set of doll furniture that had come in.

Then, there was the Holy Hour to greet the New Year in. We always make it. God is so forgotten on the Holy Feast Day of the Circumcision . . . the first shedding of His blood for us! Afterwards, we had, as usual, a lovely collation. We made a lot of noise in honor of the Little Lord. We sang ourselves hoarse.

Finally, Epiphany, the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. That is the day we bake the big cake of the Three Kings. In this there are three pennies. Whoever gets those pennies has to make a Holy Hour for the intentions of all of us. A nice custom; don't you think?

It was good visiting with you dear friends . . . and remembering these lovely holy days. Won't you write us about yours?

JOURNEY INWARD

Catherine deHueck Doherty

Long ago and far away my mother was telling me about dreams. I doubt if she could spell the word "psychiatry", but she loved talking about dreams, just the same. But she talked about DREAMS DREAMED IN GOD . . . not the ones men dreamed at night when one is asleep . . . but those some men and women dream when they are awake.

She used to tell me about her dreams in God—how when she was very young, studying to become a concert pianist, which she eventually became, she used to dream of bringing the music of God's love to the very poor. She implemented those dreams, as the Russians call it, INTO THE PEOPLE. Which meant, that for the summer vacation, she would go and work as a hired hand for room and board and a few roubles (no more than five usually) for the summer to the poorest folks in some far away village.

She hoped—she said—that I too would have some DREAMS IN GOD. Really the sentence should be dreams FOR God. But she maintained that God puts those dreams into our waking hours and that they are graces which urge us to do something for Him, and "to be" before His Face.

Her wish came true. And MY DREAMS IN GOD HAVE COME TRUE ALSO. Madonna House is a reality. And the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House is on the march. At the result of a dream dreamed in God.

Not long ago, I wrote a little poem about that . . .

My Heart
Is hungry
For things
Unheard
Unseen . . .

Why do,
I dream?

Well I
Know
That dreams
Are frail,
Like
Cobwebs
In the fall.

A breath
A sigh
Tears them
Apart
And leaves
But shining
Sharp darts . . .
That sting
And hurt,
And make me
Weep
Alone
In His strange darkness.

Why do,
I dream?

And yet
My heart
Is hungry
For things
Unseen
Unheard.

Why do,
I dream?

I dream
I guess
Because
I love!

For love
Alone
Makes
Dreams
Dreamed
In Him
Come true!

I dream,
My God,
Because
I am
In love
With YOU! !

DO UNTO OTHERS

By M. Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon. Often at night before retiring, I sit in a cosy chair in our living room, listen to music, if there happens to be any on the radio, and review the activities of the day. Some nights there is little to think about for it has been a very ordinary day with only routine jobs. Some nights there is enough to fill a book, for it has been a day of listening to and attending to the great troubles and sorrows of many sad people who have come to Maryhouse.

Tonight I was thinking very specially of a young couple whom we befriended, and who left us this afternoon. They, Jim and Mary, first came into our lives three days ago when an Indian picked them up on the highway sixteen miles from Whitehorse and brought them to us.

Texas To Alaska

They talked little as they ate their supper; they were shy, discouraged and quite tired. But, Jim told me their story next day as we drove to a wreckers' yard, looking for a part for his car. Mary had had a fight with her mother and left home. He and Mary had married, and that same day left Texas for Anchorage, Alaska, where they planned to homestead. For a small sum of money, Jim had bought a "hot rod", a gun, and a set of car tools. He had one hundred and sixty dollars for the trip and to get established in the North.

Their money disappeared faster than they expected, and Jim had to part with the tools to purchase gas and food. At Mile 903 on the Alaskan Highway he had a flat tire. He replaced the flat with a tire that wasn't properly inflated. He ruined it. With no spare, he decided to ride the rim 'til he got to the nearest garage. He ruined the rim.

They were very young. Mary looked like a school girl. Jim might have been twenty. They were clad in clothes suitable for Texas temperatures, but it is very cold here. They still had the shot gun and the broken down car. The Indian promised to come next morning and help them, but he failed to show up. It was up to Maryhouse to get them on their way again.

Goodbye Old Gun

Jim knew that the time had come to part with his gun. I took him to a second hand store. He wasn't satisfied with the price offered. We went to a garage to find out where he might get a used hub for his car. While there I talked to a man who offered him fifteen dollars for the gun. This was a better price. Jim sold his treasure. We also found out that there was a big junk yard out of town where he might get the needed part.

We went there. There were hundreds of hubs, but none from the same model car as his. He would have to go back to Mile 903, remove the old hub, and then come back and see if he could match it with anything at the junk yard. Paul Holland, one of our staff, equipped with tools, drove Jim back to his car. The tools wouldn't budge the hub. They came back to town and went to a garage to borrow a wheel remover. The garage wanted a deposit of fifty dollars before lending the tool to a stranger. Jim couldn't make the deposit, but Paul told the owner that Maryhouse would sign for and be responsible for returning the tool. He got it without making any deposit. But it was then too late to go down the highway.

Where Are They Now?

To make a long story short and not to mention the cold, the misery of working with cold, car parts out in the wide open spaces, and the uncertainty of getting a right part after so much trouble, the boys worked all day, removing the hub and finally locating two parts at the wreckers' that would serve the purpose. When they came home that evening Jack brought all their laundry from the car, and Mary washed and ironed it so that they would have some clean clothes for the rest of the trip.

Next morning Paul and Jim made another trip to Mile 903. The parts fitted. Shortly after dinner Paul returned in our truck and right behind him was Jack in the hot rod. Jim's car was road-worthy again. We packed some food for the travellers, gave them some money for gas and they departed. We probably will never hear from them or of them again.

We have just celebrated the beautiful feast of Christmas and the New Year is upon us. What kind of festive season did Jack and his young bride have, with possibly no work, no home, and no money? What kind of winter will they have in this cold barren country?

Do you blame me if I spend the last waking moments of my day wondering about the people who come and go at Maryhouse, Yukon? A Happy, holy New Year to all!

New Day—New Year

Another day begins—shiny beads of moisture sprinkle the grass like small jewels—as patches of shadowy green become warm and golden. The breeze is soft and restful, gently stirring the trees to movement. Birds chatter impatiently as they gather their young about them and search for berries and other delicacies for their morning snack.

As the fingers of sunlight push away the misty coolness, this moment becomes full of giving. Each action, each thought is given into those immaculate and loving hands, to be passed on to the Creator of all things.

This day, newly born, is returned to the One who gave it. How often must His hands wait in vain to receive the gift?

"Oh my God, accept this new day—take me, soul and body—my heart and all the love it contains" . . . however the offering may be expressed, the day is made perfect at that moment of giving.

Now the sun rises higher and the already bright flowers are tinged with fire. From the gnarled apple tree comes the liquid call of an oriole. Once again, unutterable peace has descended on this small portion of humanity, and hope rises to the time when all humanity will give, and in that giving will receive this same peace, which is there—waiting . . .

"IT IS THE LORD!"

She was a little French girl from Montreal, a member of a Secular Institute dedicated to the missions. She was twenty at most. We met in Madonna House, where she spent the summer improving her English. One afternoon, I went to the chapel to make a visit. She was there already, kneeling. She turned to me, with a smile, then pointed to the Tabernacle. "C'est mon Seigneur, she said, et c'est le tien aussi". "It's my Lord there. And also yours".

A great tranquil happiness in her words. No sentimentality, no sweet words. The cry of the first Christians, the cry of John "It is the Lord."

What did they mean? What did they mean when, after the Ascension, they prayed thus "Come, Lord Jesus, come". They were close to His humanity. They had eaten with him, broken bread, caught fish with Him. They had seen in Him the Man, and from Him they had learned a renewed love and fervor towards God, the Father, "Our Father". Slowly then, the truth had dawned on them in its fullness. This man was "the Lord". He was the Expected One, the Messiah, the Son of God. All this and much more, they expressed through the adoring word "the LORD". God was God, and He was the Father. Christ was the Lord, and He was one of them, come to lead them to the Father. They loved, they trusted, they adored.

Sometimes I wonder, when I hear people say "Dear Lord" . . . whether they have not lost the strong and blissful awareness of the life within the Trinity. Do we see Christ as our Brother, and our Lord, as one of us, leading us to the Father of Lights? Do we allow ourselves to become little children in the arms of the Father?

Or are we secretly afraid, and trying to cover up those fears by all kinds of sentimental expressions of endearment that we maybe half believe?

That girl just said "It is my Lord". And in those simple words, so much was heard: the Real Presence, the Incarnation, and her final and simple surrender to the "Lord" and master of her soul who would lead her to strange and unknown lands, for the sake of His Father's Kingdom. The simplicity of her sharing! "It is my Lord. It is also yours. 'Come, love Him. IT IS THE LORD' . . .

THANKS, GOD, FOR 1960

By Catherine Maynard

La Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Ariz.; Thank You, God, for the gift of life; the gift of Faith, for Grace, for our Vocations. Thank You for sending us to Winslow. Thanks for the wonderful friends who support us. Thanks for allowing us to share the "worries" of the poor. Thanks for the feeling of discouragement that creeps in now and then. Thank You for every joy and sorrow and heartache that comes from Your loving hand. Every day is in truth "Thanksgiving day". And every day, not only Jan. 1, is a day for beginning again."

NECESSITY

I gave my gift
To children of the poor—
Full well aware
They had the need of bread—
And watched them as
They hurried from the door
To buy a magic
Red balloon instead.

I saw a maiden
Shiver in the cold,
Her jacket patched,
Her slippers weather-thin . . .
To my surprise
She bought a ribbon gold
And tied it jauntily
Beneath her chin . . .

Sometimes I see,
Heart's music must be played.
When hopes are few
And even dreams are down . . .
And nothing wasted
Are the pennies paid
To dance, quite hungry
With a circus clown . . .

Catherine Curtin Fenzel away from its greatness.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

The Devil's Advocate, by Morris L. West, William Morrow. Mgr. was a priest, and a scholar. The scholar in him had extinguished the priest, and even the man. He began to sense it when he knew he was going to die. Twelve months, at most, the doctor said. And Mgr. Meredith was afraid . . .

His Bishop sent him to the mountains, in a little village of Southern Italy, poor and depressed, to investigate the cause of a dubious saint shot by the Communists not long ago. And among those people of the South, Mgr. Meredith found what all his life he had missed. Friendship and compassion and love. He died in peace.

Written with great precision in the words, and great clarity in the plan and characters, the novel is gripping, from the first, and sustains the interest to the end. It is profoundly optimistic for good. And the grace of God, in all cases but one, overcomes evil. The dried-up hero becomes warm and sympathetic with almost incredible facility. This might be the only criticism to be made to the book. In its precision and accuracy it lacks the anguish and mystery that make for instance "The Diary of a Country Priest" by Bernanos, a haunting book.

Too often the author is satisfied with describing in an abstract, though accurate fashion, the behavior of his heroes, instead of recreating it.

"He said with dry humor" . . . He said with wry humor" . . . "For the first time he experienced friendship". These sentences come up again and again, giving the reader the impression that he has before him the plan of a book rather than the story itself.

Things run too smoothly, perhaps, while in Bernanos's novels, the agony of it all is almost unbearable. There is little agony here, at least little visible agony. This is what makes the book so enjoyable, so uplifting, so encouraging in the end. But it takes

Shakespeare's *History of the Life and Death of King John*—edited with notes by William J. Rolfe with engravings. Frontispiece: symbolical representation of English History built on grave of King John. It was published by Harper & Bros. New York in 1893 and is in excellent condition. The engravings are few but of fine quality.

Siberian Garrison—translated from the Hungarian by George Halasz. Author is Rodion Markovits. Published by Horace Liveright, New York in 1929. It is in good condition the end leaves at front and back having been repaired.

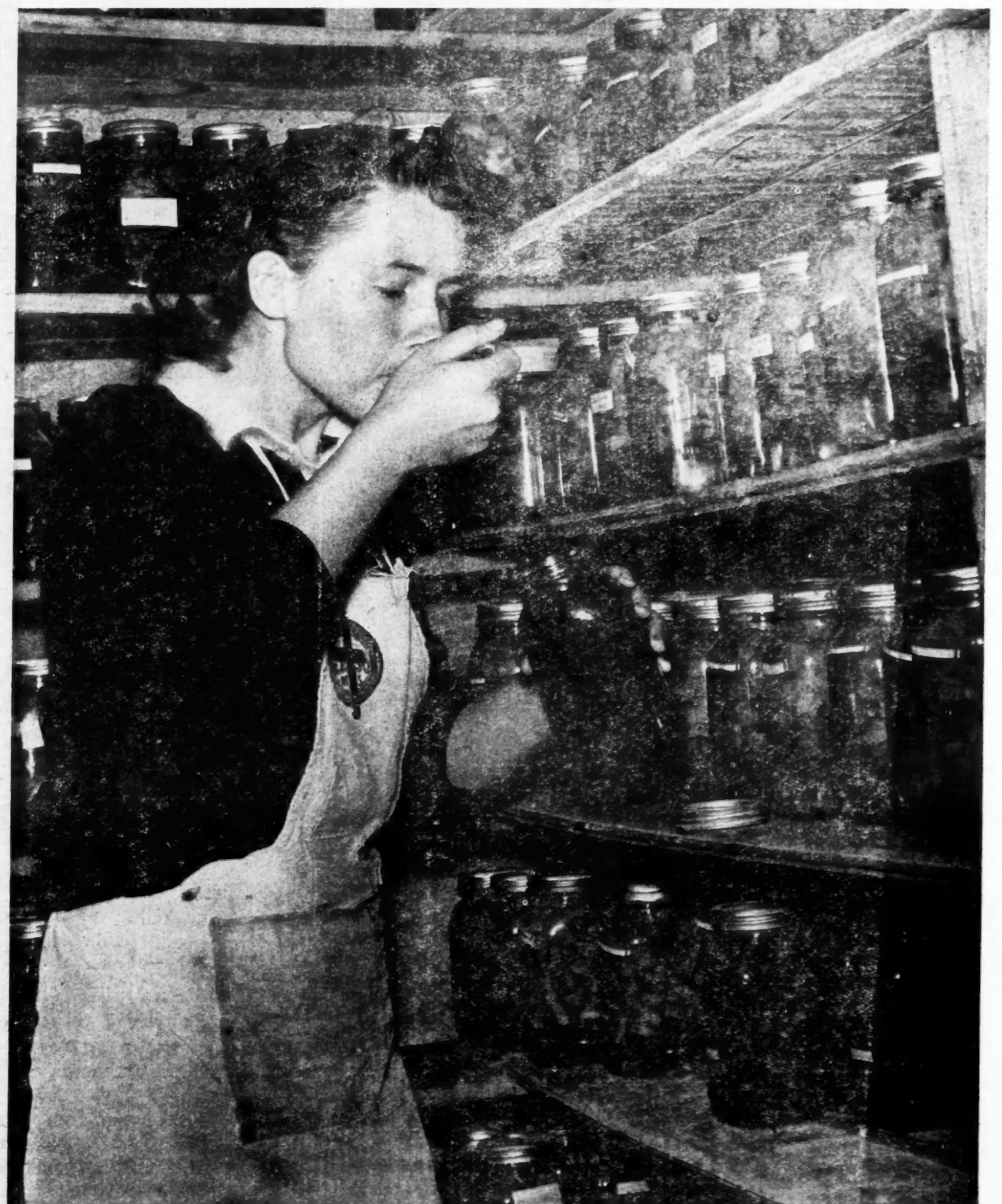
Single Heart and Double Face—A matter-of-fact Romance by Charles Reade, published by Hurst & Co., New York. It is in good condition with a hard cover of colored asters with an ad for "Soothing Syrup" on the back cover.

The Sinner's Guide—(in two books) by Rev. F. Lewis of Granada, published by Henry McGrath, Philadelphia in 1844. It is in poor condition missing the cover and pages 203-204. The page ends are furled.

Solid Virtue—(treatise on obstacles to Solid Virtue, the means of acquiring and the motives for practising it.) The author is Father Belloc, S. J. and the preface is by Archbishop Croke. It was published by R. Washbourne, London, Third Thousand, in 1891. It is in fair condition the front cover having been repaired. The signatures are loose.

Some Lies and Errors of History—by Rev. Reuben Parsons, office of the Ave Maria, Notre Dame Ind., D. E. Hudson Publishers in 1893. It is in fair to good condition the front cover becoming detached from the end paper.

Songs of the Lowly and Other Poems by George Horton, published by F. J. Schultze & Co., The Ariel Press, Chicago in 1892. It is in good condition. The page tips are irregular, being smooth at one end, and rough at the other.



Some people collect old masters. Some collect fire engines or battle ship models or diamond stomachers. We in Madonna House collect jars and jars of food. Jars of vegetables, berries, rhubarb, jellies, jams, preserves, fruits of various kinds.

Sometimes a Staff Worker, Sandra Wood, for instance, has to go down stairs and open a jar to see that it is still sweet—or maybe to sweeten it. God has been good to us. We have a plenteous supply. And there will be more this Fall. What we really need to collect is sealers.

FAMILY COMMUNION

Hundreds of thousands of Catholic Families throughout the Free World will kneel at altar rails on January 10, 1960, to celebrate the Feast of the Holy Family by family Communion. Will you and your family be among them?

These people are members of the Family Communion Crusade, an organization started by a Brooklyn, N.Y. layman in 1950.

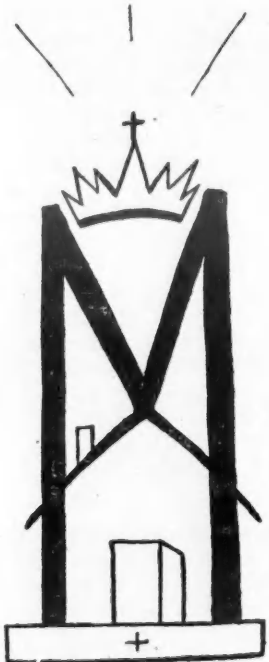
The Crusade doesn't hold meetings, collect dues, or solicit funds. Its promotional materials, in more than 40 languages, are sent at no cost, in any quantity required. It asks its family members only to receive Communion together, at least once a month, and to observe the Feast of the Holy Family with group Communion.

A Quiet Texas House

By Marilyn Williamson

Maria Reina, Balmorhea, Texas, December has come and still the golden leaves cling to the trees. Set against a pale blue sky, they are quite a lovely sight. Brown fields dotted with white cotton, the remains of the picking, stretch for miles and miles until they reach the low mountains which surround us on three sides. The air is chilly in the morning but this Texan sun has a way of warming all things by noon. So much so that one even has to pull the blinds to keep from getting too warm. Straggly trees get in the way of a flat view for miles and miles . . . and sometimes a shack or two will do the same. Ranches with cattle, and acres of cotton fields, play checkers over this vast irrigated desert. And in the midst of this land people live and die, play and suffer . . . people make friends and break them . . . and some find God.

Some of these people are little. Take our first grade catechism class for instance. From a thoughtful little girl came the question, "How does God make a rose?" Her teacher couldn't answer that one. And a fourth grade boy wrote on a test paper, "God is my father and he is someone who you can not see and someone one that is good." Slowly they think and uncover the mystery of their Tremendous Lover . . . and slowly, spark by small spark, His Life and His Love grow in our valley.



LA CASITA DE MARIA REINA
BALMORHEA, TEXAS

Friendships Grow

Maria Reina is a quiet place usually. Not too much seems to happen. The phone rings. "My son shot a six point deer . . . The cat that bit Lenord did not have rabies . . . what time is Mass tomorrow?" A Friendship grows. The doorbell rings. A young mother with her child, hair up in curls, comes in. She has coffee and talks. She is unhappy. She leaves with a smile. Another friendship grows. The phone rings. "Can you come over for some milk? We have extra today." For two minutes in between a catechism class we dash over for the milk. A quick hello, a smile. A promise to visit longer some day. Another friend is born. A priest comes to the door. "What is this Maria Reina all about?" "Come in Father. Would you like some coffee?" And the apostolate grows. Not too much seems to happen here, but really beautiful things are happening all the time. Friendship grows, love grows, and God is found.

This Texan air is chilly in the morning, and in the evening too when we have Mass in Saragosa, Father's mission six miles from here. As we shiver a bit from the chill, there came to kneel in front of us, girls with thin cotton dresses and skimpy sweaters; boys with no soles in their shoes; mothers with men's short jackets. But they are here at Mass, daily Mass! And they sing loud and clear, "O Maria, Madre Mia—O Mary, my Mother." They have learned to say, "et cum spiritu tuo" in answer to Father's "Dominus vobiscum."

The New Church

A new church is in Saragosa now. It is an old but well-built building, rented to the church on a five year lease. Father announced the good news at Mass. After Mass the whole congregation went to the new-old building, rolled up their clean Sunday shirt sleeves and began the clean-up campaign. Dust and years of dirt flew, and people, God's own poor, were happy. They have a new church—and they will clean it and fix it themselves. "O Maria, Madre Mia" will echo now from a higher ceiling and wider walls and a simple, liturgical altar in the midst of the people. The people in Saragosa are happy. And we are happy too, knowing that, with the old church as a room for catechism classes, we will soon be bringing those children the glad tidings of the Kerygmatic catechism.

People do live in the midst of this vast land, and people die. Not long ago as Father was finishing Mass, a neighbor ran into the church. There was a wreck on the highway near the church. Nine bodies lay on the ground surrounded by panicky people. In the twilight it seemed like miles of people had emerged from the many adobe shacks in the neighborhood.

We covered the injured with blankets. We waited for the ambulance to come from our nearest big town, forty miles away. And we prayed. Together those miles of people knelt on the cold highway and prayed. One man died. The rest are well today. And many people have thought more of God, and come a bit closer to Maria Reina.

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

Our Poor Human Love

How amazing that You love us, God! And how tragic that so few of us do not have any idea of Your love for us! Most of us were brought up in the belief that you are a miser, a tyrant, a God of anger and jealousy and vengeance, a greedy Deity. Who wants everything we have, and Who will send us to hell if we hold back anything at all. You are pictured as Infinite Selfishness, when all You want for Yourself is our poor human love!

In that overcrowded hoyden night-club restaurant, surrounded by people seeking to be happy, I tried to make up to You—with a few minutes of pure love—for the long long lifetime of rudeness and neglect and ingratitude and sin! But I need more time, Lord. I need all the rest of my life. I gave You only a few minutes, against a lifetime of Your unceasing love and care. The odds are still with You, God. They always will be.

It was not only in the matter of food and drink that You showed Your love for me. In those few moments I remembered other things. I remembered the morning in Sudbury, Ont., when I got up late and went looking for a 9 o'clock Mass. I went to the "French Church" first. But a funeral was entering the front door. There would be a Mass of Requiem, and probably I would not have a chance to go to Communion. I went next door to the "English Church." (Why do You have two Catholic churches in the same block, God? Don't people know You speak and understand both languages?)

In Christ the King church the altar was decorated for a Nuptial Mass, I decided to wait.

God Bless Women!

I listened to the bells, the joyful bells ringing for the wedding, the sad bells tolling for the death of one of Your children. I thought of the women You gave me, Lord. The beautiful, loving, brilliant women. The extraordinary women. I have thanked You many times for each of them—but never enough. I have been blessed beyond all other men I know, in the love and devotion of the women You gave me.

I thought too of the woman You chose to be Your mother, the loveliest of all the lovely women You ever made; and of her wedding to a humble carpenter. And I thought—a little—of the death

You have reserved for me, the last bride in Your giving. What will she be like? It does not matter, I thought, so long as she comes from You.

There was a general Communion at the Nuptial Mass. Nearly everybody went to the altar rail. And You fed us with Yourself!

I felt very close to You, God, dining on filet mignon and mushrooms and an artichoke heart or two. How is it that I seldom feel close to You when You are on my tongue? How can I feel love for You in a noisy dining room, yet not feel anything when You are in me?

I guess that's how we're made. And feelings are not important. Intentions are. My intentions are good, Lord. Make them better.

Let me love You, Lord, from now on, not in my usual tepid, phlegmatic, stupid way—but fervently, as the saints love You. You have given me everything. Your Son! Your beautiful holy mother! You made her my mother too! Yourself! You have even given me me. And what can I give You in return? Nothing but me—and not all of me at that! What a foul exchange! Happy New Year, God, Your spoiled brat, Eddie.

Combermere Diary

Sadly, we report the tragic death of our former pastor, Father A. P. Dwyer, who suffered a heart attack while deer-hunting at near-by Diamond Lake. "Father Pat" had retired about two years ago from our parish in Combermere, but continued to live here, in a small cottage on the Madawaska River. He had been part of our life for a number of years, quiet, unassuming, helpful, friendly. It was he, who as pastor, blessed our Chapel, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception in 1953, as the Delegate of our Bishop. He is buried in the cemetery, right next to the Church. We miss him, and shall long pray for him, and recommend his good soul to the charity of your prayers.

Father Cullinane gave us a Day of Recollection before he returned to the Yukon.

A group of our men have finished cutting a twenty foot swath through the woods for over a mile to bring electrical power to Saint Benedict's Farm.

His Excellency, Bishop Gleeson, S. J., of the Vicariate of Alaska, spent a day with us, and told us many stories of work in this new State, which borders the Yukon Territory.

The farm crew were very happy to say good-bye to our 1938 Fordson Tractor, and hope to do their spring plowing with a Massey-Ferguson.

May this new year of the Lord—A.D. 1960—bring you closer to Him!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Dorothy Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta. It was a bright summer morning in 1955. I was seated at my desk, typing letters, in our small dining room in our house on 95th Street. Marian Centre had been in existence only a few months, but already our dining room, which seated twenty-three, was filled to capacity for both morning and afternoon meals. The usual noises were going on—men walking back and forth for more tea and sandwiches, quiet chatter about the possibility of getting jobs.

Being busy at my typing, these sounds were in the background of my consciousness. I sensed a change. The quiet became quieter. The peace was no longer there. I looked up and saw a man standing a little inside the doorway. He was one of the biggest men I have ever seen—well over six feet tall. His face was a mass of running sores and his features were the homeliest I have ever seen. He was standing quietly, his eyes sweeping the room.

The Quiet of Fear

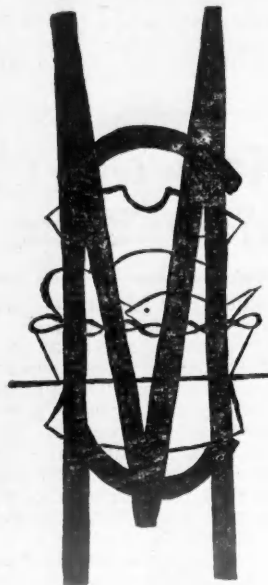
The silence was deafening. The men moved thoughtfully, but very quickly, and within about thirty seconds no one remained in the dining room except the man by the door and myself. I smiled at him, though I must admit I was quaking inside. He did not return the smile, but went to one of the tables, poured himself a cup of tea and started eating some sandwiches.

I continued with my typing but felt his eyes riveted upon me. Each time I looked up he was looking directly at me. There was no expression on his face. He finished his breakfast and left without saying a word. In the afternoon the same situation repeated itself, with the exception that four or five men remained in the dining room while he was present.

His whole body must have been covered with the sores that appeared on his face and hands, for his dirty white shirt was stained with dried blood, as well as moist, fresh blood. I should mention here that only about one half of the usual number of men turned up for the afternoon meal.

For three days he came, and usually was left with the whole

dining room to himself. On the afternoon of the third day I was again seated at my desk typing when I heard him. I knew that this time he was coming over to speak to me. He gave me a telephone number, asked me to contact a certain man by phone and find out if there was a job open for him.



MARIAN CENTER
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

His Name Was Peter

I asked his name, in order to find out whether there was any opening for him. There was none. The expression on his face can only be described as "black." I said: "Have you tried the employment office, Peter?"

When I said his name, his eyes lit up. A few seconds later he smiled. He said he hadn't, but that he would give it a try. Then he left. I found out that the man feared him greatly because of his sudden temper, which often exploded into physical violence.

One day, a little more than a year later, he arrived at our new place on 98th Street. The house went silent again, as he came up to speak to me. Since this also was a very small dining room, his words could be clearly heard.

He stretched out his hand and smiled and said, "Hello, I'm Peter. Remember? You called me Peter. I'm just in town for the day. I thought you might have wondered what happened to me. So I came to tell you where I have been."

A Man with a Name

He started to tell me of his wanderings through B.C., Oregon, California, and back again. As he talked some of the men who had gone toward the door turned around, came back, and sat down. The general conversation started up again. After he was finished talking to me, he went and sat at one of the tables and poured himself a cup of tea.

No one moved away. Someone started a conversation with him, and in a very short time he seemed to be accepted as one of them. Since then he comes in for meals about twice a year for periods lasting maybe a week or two.

He is always greeted by name, and always when his name is mentioned his face lights up. For it seems that he had not had anyone call him by name for a long time, and the use of it denoted friendship to him.

He is no longer shunned when he comes here, though I doubt very much that he could be considered the most popular man on skid row. Still, now he belongs.

ONE MAN'S SCRAP IS ANOTHER MAN'S GOLD

By Catherine Doherty

Happy Holy New Year to all you dear friends . . . and may it be full of the peace of God and of man . . . It is truly meet to begin the New Year with gratitude. I owe so much of it to everyone of you . . . each separately . . . and all together! For if it weren't for you we would be without the necessities of life in many of our departments. And many of our projects would have died before they were born.

Let me tell you a little story . . . You remember when I was asking for notions . . . needles . . . thimbles . . . buttons . . . thread . . . and such? Well! Your response was really overwhelming. And through the years we have accumulated many odd shaped boxes and baskets. Our Sewing Department, with Kathleen O'Herin at the artistic head of it,

went to work at the end of November. They lined the baskets with the remnants of materials which you so generously sent to us. The odds and ends of ribbons which came from your generous hands made lovely bows on top of the baskets. Inside were all the beautiful things a young girl . . . or a mother of a large family . . . would wish for her working sewing basket.

Who Got Them?

Scissors, thimbles, and mending materials! Everything that anyone could dream of. And the gay bows made from the lovely ribbons gave each basket a festive touch!

Guess how many baskets we were able to make out of all the things you so kindly sent us? CLOSE TO TWO HUNDRED! Can you imagine the joy of the recipients of those baskets? We made very sure that those who would be most in need of them, and least capable of buying them and what was in them . . . got them. You see, dear friends, why my heart overflows with gratitude.

Down in the basement where the male staff of Madonna House has its workshop, the mending and gluing of old toys for children was also made possible by your generosity. For haven't you donated in response to my request in this column? Many were the hours in mending and fixing these toys. What a share you have had in making hundreds of people happy in a distant part of Northern Canada!

The New Year is upon us. We have depleted all our stock. And here I am back again, asking once more for white thread and black thread, and colored thread, and very specially ASKING FOR ALL THE REMNANTS OF YOUR KNITTING WOOL. We are short of it, and winter is here. There are many good knitters among us, and we have many friends who will knit socks for our men and for the poor—and layettes. Please send us your wool remnants . . . any size or color or weight.

We Need Tools

Has anyone a full set of leather tools? A whole group of our Staff is learning the art of leather-tooling. Not just for their personal enjoyment. We have had invitations from three Ordinaries of foreign countries . . . and handicraft is a common language. We are learning it. And we need tools desperately.

Speaking of tools, maybe somebody has no use now, for tools to work on metal. We are interested in them too. And if anyone has pens that can be used for poster writing, and other works of penmanship—these are special kinds of pens and penholders . . . we would be grateful for them. Typewriters are still on the list of urgent needs. We received two—but there is much writing of all kinds in the Apostolate. And we would be grateful for more.

It is lonely in the North Woods—and many shut-ins and older people would enjoy a radio. If you have any old ones it would be truly an act of charity to send them to those lonely souls through us. I know that it is asking a lot . . . but the Lord said, "ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE".

There is a lonely priest in our backwoods to whom hydro just came—electrical power. The grapevine told me that he is dreaming an impossible dream. A good high fidelity gramophone. It is lonely in the rural parishes, and he is fond of good music. But he has no money to buy such a set. If anyone wants to send one to Madonna House, we will deliver it to him. I don't think he wants his name known.

And Music Too

There is a young lady in a little village not far from Madonna House. She too loves music. She is much in demand for little parties around about. She would appreciate sheet music—both classical and popular pieces. And semi-classical ones too. Just send them to Madonna House and we will forward them to her.

We are still begging for OLD-FASHIONED FARM KITCHEN EQUIPMENT OF ALL KINDS. If you have oil lamps . . . these will be welcome. But especially cheese

and butter molds are needed. And wooden barrels of all sizes and shapes. And crocks, the old-fashioned ones that great-grandfather used to make cider in, and great-grandmother used to put up dill pickles and sauerkraut.

CHRIST'S IN-LAWS

Rejoice with these parents. Here is a letter they wrote their daughter, one of our Visiting Volunteers, when they learned of her decision to become a Staff Worker Applicant at Madonna House:

Dearest Grace, How happy we are! This is a wonderful thing which you plan to do, and you are so fortunate that you have God's guidance to take this initial step. You are also very fortunate that Madonna House regulations insist upon such a seemingly long period of training before making your final promises of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

We don't have to tell you (you've learned it from many sources) that if at any time you realize that staying with Madonna House is NOT your true vocation, there is no stigma attached to coming home, and indeed, we would welcome you with open arms. And if your future lies in becoming a "Bride of Christ", that would make us His parents-in-law, wouldn't it? What greater honor could heaven grant, while we are here on earth?

Your letters have been filled with nothing but joy in your work. But sooner or later, the going is likely to become rough, at least at times. We shall pray constantly for your strength to jump the hurdles. And you must pray for us, too. It has been very lonely without you these months, and Combermere is going to seem awfully far away during these next years without you.

The most important thing is that you find happiness in what you are doing. God bless you. Mom and Dad.



Now We Have Antiques

The ways of the Lord are truly strange. I often wondered why, when I first came to Canada, as a D.P. and a refugee, I got a job in a Department Store, first in the antique department, and then in the gift shop. I often wondered why my mother loved collecting all kinds of glass, silver-ware, and antique books.

Now I know! The Lord was preparing me for this Apostolate. Ever since it was founded in Toronto, 1930, this knowledge of mine has helped our over-drawn bank account. I used to sell the pieces just as soon as they came in. But when we moved to Combermere, and the Apostolate grew, many beautiful things came our way from benefactors. Reverently I stored them in our spacious attic. This year we have a little log Cabin where we could display these things. And so now we are in the antique business!

Do you, dear friends, like buttons? We have them. Interesting ones too! Are you interested in antique books? Write for our list. We have a selection of about 300—maybe 500. I haven't counted them yet. Is your specialty antique jewelry, odd designs from Europe and America? Come and look ours over. You might find what you are looking for. You like antique glass, old purses, pans, etc? We have those too.

If next summer, spring, or fall—you are travelling in Canada, why not stop off at Madonna House and see yourself, if we have anything you have been seeking for—for your collection?

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

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